

SPRING SOWING.

The warming sun soon freed the Earth from Winter's icy grip,
 Though Easterly winds still held a touch of Jack Frost's painful nip.
 The fields, once white with Winter snow, now turned to normal brown,
 Sun and wind dried out the soil, ready to be pulled down.
 The tractors were uncovered and checked, for water, fuel and oil,
 Hitched up to the harrows that would break the ground and cultivate the soil.

The farmer directed that I should go, with Leslie, to the fields so bare,
 And spend the next few weeks or so pulling down the rich soil there.
 For the first time in many years I'd drive a tractor once more,
 I was only a lad, in the long war years, when I drove one once before.
 The same old thrill returned again as I climbed onto the seat,
 Released the clutch and felt the surge of power beneath my feet.

We'd drag the harrows across the furrows and then the other way,
 Working now from dawn to dusk throughout each fine Spring day.
 The wind would blow across the land, from the cold North Sea it came,
 Cold and dry, with the strengthening Sun, each day would be the same.
 The farmer asked if my arms grew tired, from hauling on the wheel,
 But I felt fine, not that I'd admit it, however tired I'd feel.

All day long, beneath blue skies, we would break the soil down fine,
 With skylark singing overhead, in warm and bright sunshine.
 Then Les would go to prepare the drill for sowing the golden grain,
 And Ron and I, when the fields were dry, would pull them down again.
 Sometimes though the weather would turn, to hail or rain or snow,
 The showers sweeping across the land, it would be too wet to sow.

But before too long, fine weather returned, sweeping the storms away,
 And we would continue with our work, from dawn till the end of day.
 Jack would follow the seed drill then, with light harrows and his two horse team,
 Ensuring the seed was covered well, straining at the pummeltree beam.
 Then, before we had finished, the first sown grain was peeping through the soil
 Justifying the long hours of work, the heat and the cold and the toil.

The fields changed colour before our eyes, transforming all the land,
 Covering Winter's sombre browns with shades of green so grand.
 Then evening showers would chance to sweep across the high blue sky,
 The golden rays of the setting Sun would form a rainbow high,
 And turn the towering cumulus clouds to snow capped mountains tall,
 With the brilliant coloured archway framing clouds and fields and all.

I never cease to wonder at the miracle of spring,
 When Nature throws her mantle green over everything.
 With trees and hedges filled with blooms, wild flowers everywhere,
 Their colours brighten up the Earth, their perfume fills the air.
 The season reminds me of my youth, before I became a man,
 And I wish I could go back again, but alas, I never can.